

KEVIN M. HIBSHMAN



NIGHTS WITH  
ABRAXAS



Illustrations by Wm P. Marshall

# I

Dip your finger  
Disturb my bloom  
Fresh from the divine  
Silently fragrant and  
Filling the room

Give color to image  
Spirit to form  
Knowledge - most highly expressed  
through flesh.

Time, my flower  
Let the heart beat  
Deep breaths (Tantric)  
Relax

Pulse...  
The universe ends as it expands.  
In a flash,  
Distant, perhaps,  
Wave - forms and reverberations  
Send it sailing  
Blissful wind

Indoctrinated,  
Unable to remain idle,  
Gather storms in your arms,  
Exhaling perfume of delight

When you are pure-  
The soul may speak  
There is but one poetry:  
Spin the Lily!

## II

This callous enterprise  
Ancient Alchemy  
The endless dread  
Debt of belonging  
Fever dreamscape  
Paradise of paradox  
Unwelcome ideal  
A verbose picnic of crippled souls  
Remember injury  
Remembered innocence  
I saw the statues kiss  
I love you in your sweet insolence  
Your currency of blood and honey  
Never forget to hold up the sun

I will come, reduce you to atoms and  
Judging every one of them,  
Determine the sum of your worth

Our mother plucking flesh from a  
garden of miracles  
Rotating loom, she weaves  
She plants her offspring in moist dirt  
near the swift river coursing  
over rocks  
We aim to scale her supple form  
Sky in her hair, she smiles canyon-wide

Father, I found you deep in a forest  
during a season frolic  
Health gleaming through your sun -  
streaked beard



### III

So much cream in my bones  
The creatures danced and sucked  
Greedily from my open veins  
Joy, wholly carnivorous – yet warm,  
Pumped sweet nectar onto mangled fur  
Music rang out: porous and apollonian

The web of light  
Vision – concave  
Logic and bright pain beckons to rebirth  
within the sublime experience of days  
We shelter her always  
We dive into obsidian pools to surface  
Upon the moon – her thigh

Ah! That look of surprise becomes you

I lie back – tonguing the mantra  
Holding the earth with cupped hands  
I view her – bruised and sore  
Blowing love from my breath onto her,  
She begins to shimmer – glowing violet  
As I release her back into space

I treasure your beauty  
I pray you explore it in countless ways  
I pray you remain inflamed with the  
passion and pain I gave you

I pray you continue spinning the globe  
I flicker for you between the worlds

## IV

Dip your Finger  
Dowse your wand  
Never regret  
Nothing is lost  
Conjure Heaven  
Continue flirtation with knowledge  
Balance the elements  
Persuade nature  
Live in bliss as you were meant to do  
Sow and reap  
Blend and rend musical harmony  
Sing! Sing! Sing!

You will find family anywhere you seek  
You will find gold that  
transcends currency  
You will learn to dream complete  
You will know what sharing means

A great wave shall sweep  
the entire earth  
She will shudder and moan  
She will cast off all who do not  
respect her  
Death - mongers shall taste demise

A new consciousness shall redeem the  
future  
Poets will no longer be ignored  
Man will emerge transformed and regal  
Incapable of destruction-  
All religion scorned

Move in love my blessed ones  
I move through you. We are one.

**Kevin M. Hibshman** has been active in the small press world since 1990. In addition to editing the poetry 'zine: FEARLESS, his poems, reviews and collages have appeared in numerous small magazines both in the U.S. and Europe. Scintillating Publications published Hibshman's latest Chapbook, Poems To Go in 2003.

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